THE WOOING OF A VIOLIN

PS
3515
.U455W6
1904

Class PS 3515

Book .U455W6
1904

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

The Wooing of a Violin

THE WOOING OF A VIOLIN

A Drama in Four Acts

BY

ALBERT S. HUMPHREY

The Wagoner Printing Co.
Publishers
Tulsa, Okla.

PS 3515
.U455W6
1904

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
DEC 28 1904
Copyright Entry
Oct. 28. 1904
CLASS D XXc. No.
5703
COPY B.

COPYRIGHT 1904
BY
ALBERT S. HUMPHREY
GALESBURG, ILL.

amp 28 ah 33

This play is dedicated to those who find in the drama the meeting-place of all the arts; where gather in an equal company Music, Painting, Action, and the soul-fraught Spoken Word. But more especially, it is dedicated to you whose inmost heart vibrates in a never ending rythm of music, poetizing drudgery into psalms, and harmonizing the things which tang of earth with those which feel of heaven.

I thought, perchance,
it might be of interest:

A musical friend of mine once lamented that there were so few stories and the like written upon musical themes. For some reason, the thought persisted in remaining with me; and, as I conned it over, there began to form around and through it a little plot in which one with a genius for music told of his experiences when under the spell of composition. I wrote it off; and as I wrote, the sketch grew until it became the play as you see it here. For the charming little melody, which Paolo is supposed to have composed, I am indebted to Mr. William F. Bentley, Director of Knox Conservatory of Music. Without this kind assistance my efforts had been incomplete.

As you read, and, of necessity, criticize the many literary imperfections, I beg that you withhold too great displeasure. For its excellences, if there be any, I have taken this means of having you share them, believing that you will get some moiety of joy from what was so considerable a joy to me.

A song is a dream-land mist congealed into crystal drops to slake the thirst of souls. Touch this Ariel's cup to your lips, consecrating it with your breath, and let us drink to the art of Music.

I hope that you will like the dramatic form; thus,

we may get the essence, with no padding of words, and leave large opportunity to pleasure your own constructive fancy. A drama is actual life transposed into fiction, draped about with all the arts of expression, and set within the studio of character.

Will you step within my poor study chamber and let us read together THE WOOING OF A VIOLIN.

ALBERT S. HUMPHREY.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Paolo Adremollo . a street musician.
Mr. Glendon . . a wealthy manufacturer.
Mr. Hyde . . . a promoter.
Mr. Chase . . . a friend of Mr. Glendon's.
Marioni . . . . an Italian padrone.
Clem . . . . . a negro servant of Mr. Glendon's.
Pierre . . . . . an abducted boy under the padrone.
Mike Delaney . . a labor leader.
Myriam Glendon . daughter of Mr. Glendon.
Nizetta . . . . daughter of padrone.
Grace, Bess . . . . friends of the Glendon's.
Mrs. Marioni . . wife of padrone.
Mrs. Lane . . . a matron in Mr. Glendon's home.
A thug, workmen and others.

PLACE: New York City. TIME: present.

ACT I

SCENE—*(A basement in a squalid quarter of the EAST SIDE ITALIAN DISTRICT. Doors Right and Left; one leading to the street, the other to an inner sleeping room. An old cook stove stands back, over which the padrone's wife is at work with utensils getting the mid-day meal. An old kitchen table and two chairs stand Center. Disguises for beggars, crutches, and things of like nature, lie about the floor and hang upon the walls. MARIONI is at work, seated on the floor, Left; he is stuffing a coat so as to give the wearer the appearance of a hunch-back. PIERRE is lying, Right. A rawhide whip hangs upon the wall, Left. An old cupboard with dishes is Left of the stove in a corner.)*

MARIONI. Come here, Felice. Felice! You don'ta forgetta your name so quicka, do you?

PIERRE. Felice is not my name—I hate Felice.

MAR. I calla you whata I please, and when I calla you, come quicka, or I show you. [He reaches for the whip.]

PIERRE. I will—no, no—I will!

MAR. Puta on this.

PIERRE. Oh, please don't make me play that hateful thing. I can't bear it.

MAR. Can'ta bear! You cana bear to go without your dinner, I guess? You cana bear the nice softa whip on your back? I guess you cana bear this nicea coata, too.

PIERRE. Oh, when may I go home—you promised me last week. [As he puts on the coat.]

MAR. Never! I wasa fooling. You cana live here and have Nizetta for a sister; you laka that? Hump?

(PIERRE'S face shows an agony too great for tears.)

MAR. Oh, now you looka fine! Gooda Felice! That's how I have maka you try long time. Looka like thata and you bringa in much moneys—much moneys; and I taka offa da hump; and we have fine time, and mucha to eata—eh, old woman—mucha to eata, ha, ha!

WIFE. Mucha to eata! Why, you scara da boy so?

MAR. Oh, shutta da moutha!

WIFE. If you putta so much time in your business as in abuse of these children, we would have plenta to eata and be American.

MAR. You talka da fool. This is my business. You tenda da pot; I tenda da business.

(A knock at the door is heard; MARIONI starts apprehensively.)

PIERRE. Somebody knocked.

MAR. You heara it? [To the wife.]

WIFE. Three times already; its Nizetta.

MAR. Open door!

(PIERRE unbolts the door and NIZETTA enters with a tambourine in hand, and a red handkerchief of small coins. She is fantastically dressed. PAOLO follows her in, his violin under his arm. He goes back to the table, and sits quietly—he seems to be in deep thought.)

NIZETTA. You were a long time letting us in. Did you think we were some more of those coppers? Ha, ha. How the coppers did scare us though!

(Her manner is vivacious and full of good humor.)

PIERRE. Bring any money?

NIZ. Lots, little brother.

MAR. "Coppers," bah!

WIFE. Don'ta make sucha clatter.

NIZ. "Coppers, bah!" You were scared out of your wits, and if it hadn't been for Paolo over there, you would have been sent up for ten years, old sour tomalley.

MAR. You talka too mucha. [He strikes Nizetta.]

NIZ. Don't you do that again! I got bruises enough now, besides, Paolo and me brought you, and mommer, and Pierre—come here, Pierre—a different kind of coppers. See! [She pours the money on the floor.] Some brown ones, some white ones; no yellow ones, though—don't you wish I had brought some big yellow ones? Ten dollars in one piece—you going to do that sometime, Pierre.

MAR. You maka her calla da boy Felice [Aside, and to wife.]

(PIERRE shakes his head in reply to NIZETTA.)

MAR. Whata you say? I learna you some more I guess, eh?

NIZ. I thought we'd get a yellow one from the lady who came by in the fine carriage, didn't you, Paolo?

MAR. Gooda work! Vera gooda work—you improof—we be rich and leef in beeg houses sometimes.

WIFE. You love mona too mucha to ever geta outa this hole.

NIZ. I think he does; he—

MAR. Right! You are vera right! Mona is better than houses an' I taka da mon. [He starts to seize the coin.]

NIZ. No you don't, it's mine! [She playfully covers the money with her hands.]

MAR. Diavolo! Na, na! Get away!

NIZ. It's Paolo's.

(MARIONI steps on NIZETTA'S hand as he seizes her shoulder and rudely throws her over; NIZETTA screams; PAOLO half rises as if to interfere; NIZETTA wrenches her hand from under MARIONI'S foot, and, going back, sits on the floor beside PAOLO, who has again taken his seat.)

MAR. Pretty gooda pull for one time, eh, old woman?

WIFE. Plenta for one time—letta go resta now.

MAR. Resta? Whata, sleep? No maka da mon asleep.

(He takes a belt from under his shirt and fills it with the money.)

WIFE. Umph! [She goes to the table.] Well, cana they have a little bita bone to eata, and one piece mackaron? Come, seeta here.

(They all sit at the table and begin their dinner.)

MAR. Whata you say abouta piece of gold?

NIZ. No. It was a lady who stopped to hear Paolo play. She must be awful rich—had a fine carriage. I

smiled my best but she dropped only two dimes in my tambourine. Oh, she was beautiful—wasn't she beautiful, Paolo?

PAOLO. She was very beautiful.

PIERRE. What did she look like?

NIZ. Like me, a princess! And when Paolo saw her looking at him like this [She gives an humorous love lorne expression,] he clear forgot to play, ha, ha, ha, ha; and then, in a minute, she drove away.

MAR. Why you stoppa da play?

PAOLO. I don't know why—I didn't know that I did.

NIZ. Oh, ha, ha, ha, didn't know you did! [A pause.] What you thinking of, Paolo?

PAOLO. Why, you were speaking about the lady who stopped to listen to my violin.

NIZ. And you have been an old oyster ever since. Are you in love with her so quick?

(He smiles and lays a hand on hers, which is resting on the table's edge.)

PAOLO. Oh, no, no!

NIZ. You lie—you lie to me! Your lips lie, but your eyes tell true!

MAR. Crazy cat!

WIFE. Be quiet! [Pierre runs away to a far corner of the room.]

NIZ. I hate you! I hate you! I could scratch your eyes out!

(She springs at PAOLO, who seizes her by the wrists; they rise, and, doing so, upset the table—the dishes crashing to the floor.)

MAR. She devils! [Striking her viciously.]

PAOLO. Never do that again!

MAR. Whata you say? You needa little, too?

PAOLO. Yes, I wish you'd try. You have struck her for the last time in your life.

MAR. You getta too beeg; I have to cutta you down. [He draws a knife.]

NIZ. No! [She springs between Marioni and Paolo.]

WIFE. You be a beeg fool; putta up da knife.

(She seizes MARIONI by the arm, and, leading him away, gives him a bowl, and they cross, Left, where they sit on the floor and continue their meal, MARIONI venting his anger the while in surly guttural.)

NIZ. I stole that twenty cents. We'll go out and get a better dinner.

PAOLO. No, not now, this is enough for now. Save it.

(Each picks up a dish, and they sit, Right. PIERRE goes to them.)

NIZ. I am very sorry I hurt you.

PAOLO. I scarcely feel it, little one.

NIZ. But you must not love anyone but me—I think I'd kill you if you did.

PAOLO. Why, you are a little savage, Nizetta.

NIZ. No, but I've heard the stories of my people; and I am like them—like them for all of your trying to show

me better. I would think there was no way to be better, only that you want me so.

PAOLO. You say you would kill me if I loved another?

NIZ. I'm sure of it.

PAOLO. Then why did you, just now, save me from your father's stilletto?

NIZ. Oh, he wanted to stab because of hate. To kill because one loves is different from killing because of hate. I could die by your hand almost gladly.

PAOLO. Do not say it; it cuts me through and through. When shall I ever understand you, you strange, strange girl?

NIZ. Never. Sometimes I'm like a tiger, in a cage of iron, barred from liberty. Sometimes I'm like a little kitten. I'm the kitten now—and I guess that's mostly me. You do love me—don't you—a little?

PAOLO. I love you a great deal. If I didn't, I would not stay here in this wretched den a day longer.

NIZ. But if you left here, where would you go?

PAOLO. I don't know; anywhere, rather than here.

NIZ. But my father would follow you and kill you.

PAOLO. It wouldn't matter.

NIZ. Oh, yes, it would, an awful lot! [At this point a little earth falls from a crack in the ceiling.] That old roof is going to cave in some time—see the dirt fall again?

PAOLO. Yes, it is dangerous, and let us find out safer quarters. Little sister, once more let me beg you to

go to the abbess Millicent. She wants you; I have told her of you so often. You will be safe from harm, and in a pleasant home where you may have all that's beautiful in the world; and be among people who would help you to grow into a lovely—lovely woman.

NIZ. I'm lovely now—[coyly] ain't I? [pause.] Ain't I? [With emphasis] Ain't I? [Shriek.]

PAOLO. [Quickly] Yes, yes— sometimes.

MAR. Shutta da moutha! [He shakes his wife, who has fallen asleep.] Gar-r-r-r-r—sleep, sleep, nighta and day—I guess not! [Nizetta feigns sleep with her head on Paolo's knee. Pierre is nearby.] Here, you outa this! [To Nizetta] Taka Felice down on a gooda place, and stay by close; if he don'ta getta da mon, you know! [Nizetta lingers, talking to Paolo playfully.]

MAR. Gar-r-r-r-h!

NIZ. Gar-r-r-r-h yourself! Good-bye, Paolo,—good-bye.

(Her eyes linger upon PAOLO as she pushes PIERRE through the door-way, and BOTH EXIT.)

MAR. You learna her name?

PAOLO. Whose name?

MAR. Woman's who stopa to heara you make music.

PAOLO. I heard one in the crowd speak her name.

MAR. Well?

(EXIT WIFE, with dishes, Left.)

PAOLO. It was Glendon, I think; yes, Glendon.

MAR. You follow eet up?

PAOLO. No, I shall let it pass to be forgotten.

MAR. Stupido! You gotta no sense!

PAOLO. [Aside] Forgotten; that is but the refinement of selfishness to blot from memory what could bring nothing but sorrow if pursued. [He drops his head upon the table.]

MAR. You finda her; it will pay, mebbie. Eh? [pause.] Asleep! Bah!

(MARIONI goes to the old cupboard in the corner, gets a chisel from a shelf, and returns to the center of the room. He removes a stone from the floor and puts into an iron kettle, which was hidden there, the money from his belt. He then replaces the stone.)

Wake up! Wake up! [Paolo raises his head.] Maka some new pieces to play da lady, mebbie!

PAOLO. [Aside] Yes, that is it. He has spoken my unformed wish. [To Marioni] You do have a happy thought in that cramped skull of yours, at times, and this is such a time.

MAR. Hump?

PAOLO. [Aside] But it is valuable only to him whose interpretation finds value in it. This pitiable caricature of a man, whose talents are all spent in evil ways, unwittingly says the thing which breeds a joy. [He takes up his violin.] Come, old fellow, responsive ever to me as you are, if you have a soul within the vibrant stuff of which your form is made, let's talk together. We'll speak of her whose sudden presence swept through me like some cathedral organ's vast crescendo taking captive forever the pur-

poses of my brain. [He plays ad. lib. throughout this speech.] Purposes of my brain? What are they? None knows; not I, nor does she—yet, within, I feel a mystic force that must have scope or 'twill rend my very flesh asunder and let fly too soon its immortal tenant.

I am a street fiddler, and, but for her, might so remain. But now I feel it given me to become—what? I cannot know—yet, oh, it seems my eyes could pierce the future by the very ecstacy of my hope and read the promise written there. Men have the gift of prophecy which is the bent and leaning of their souls—and mine—I may lack the sense to utter it, but it shall be worthy her.

[CURTAIN]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*(Apartments of MR. GLENDON, richly furnished; a harp stands back, Right Center. MR. GLENDON is discovered reading and smoking, Left Center. MYRIAM appears a moment after the curtain goes up, in the great archway which connects with the hall which runs full across at back. She comes down softly, and embraces her father from behind his chair.)*

MYRIAM. Which would you rather have, your old paper or me?

GLENDON. My old paper isn't an outrageous tease.

MYR. And shall I infer by that that I am? Well, I confess it. But, father, it keeps you from becoming a grumpy, crusty, old business grind, and so has its virtues, I think, don't you?

GLEN. [Dropping his paper and embracing Myriam] True, true enough; what should I do without you, goodness knows; mine would be a lonely life indeed.

MYR. What are you going to do to-night, papa?

GLEN. This evening?

MYR. Umhum.

GLEN. Why, I have an appointment with Mr. Wetherell at the club.

MYR. Would you have an appointment with Mr. Wetherell at the club if I had an appointment with you at the same hour here?

GLEN. I'm afraid I would, sweetheart. But it chances that I am not in that unfortunate predicament.

MYR. Oh, yes, but you are!

GLEN. I have made no promise to you for this evening, Myriam.

MYR. No, but you are going to.

GLEN. Ah, no, that were impossible.

MYR. It is not impossible, for you are going to promise me—because—because—

GLEN. Well?

MYR. Just because. [Both laugh.]

GLEN. Just because! What subtle metaphysics a woman can embody in that comprehensive dissyllable.

MYR. Yes, for, while you clumsy-minded men are laboring with wheel and chain to draw two ideas together, a woman, in a flash of revelation, has the whole matter in her grasp, and a conclusion reached, while the heart beats once.

GLEN. And the conclusion—the reason—is "Just because."

MYR. Umhum,— and it's right, too; always right.

GLEN. Let us see, now. We'll take your figure of the wheel and chain—or, better still, suppose we make it a pair of balances: here is my engagement with Wetherell; an important matter of business to be discussed. [He raises the hand with the cigar in it for one side of the balances.] Here is your psychic marvel "because." [He raises the other hand to represent the other side.]

MYR. And your old engagement is going up in smoke, [indicating the burning cigar] and this is the weight of a "because." [She lays her head in his free hand.]

GLEN. [Taking Myriam in his arms] You are my little philosopher. You have fathomed the depths of a woman's reason; and it's right, and sweet, and just. But the harder logic of figures—which stand for dollars—which stand for hats, and gowns, and travel, and art—which stand for about all you care for—which stands for about all I care for—

MYR. Excepting just us two; each for the other.

GLEN. Yes, yes, you have named the goodly part of all there is in life for you and me—as yet—[Myriam looks at Glendon questioningly] this harder logic of figures must be yielded to for to-night, dear.

MYR. Why did you throw in that, "as yet?"

GLEN. Just to provide a way of escape; for I expected you to corner my argument with a "because." [Both laugh.]

MYR. Well, of course you know best, but—but I did want you to be at home to-night, father. Can't you telephone Mr. Wetherell that you will see him in the morning? And let your old figures which stand for dollars—which stand for—oh,—for me! Why, you awful popper, give me your balances and I'll weigh your reasons before your very eyes. [She takes the cigar and imitates the action of a pair of balances.] Dollars—Myriam—dollars—Myriam—see, your dollars are turning to ashes. [Laughingly.]

GLEN. [With emotion] May that have no significance except in terms of a jest.

MYR. But all fooling aside—now don't think me a little goose, papa, for it is awfully hard—Mr. Hyde is to call to-night, and he's—so—so—silly.

GLEN. My dear, you will have to learn to get along with such; the world—

MYR. I know what you are going to say; but I had rather never learn. I have been trying to be nice to him, and all that, and he has taken it as encouragement.

GLEN. Shaw, shaw, treat him cooler for a little while.

MYR. I have, lately, but it doesn't do any good. It is embarrassing, father. I just can't entertain him; his talk is of sports, his music is ragtime, his appetite—we don't keep that which satisfies it in the house—and his—

GLEN. He doesn't drink, Myriam! [Myriam nods, insisting that he does.] Nonsense, girl! Why, he has one of the longest heads in business of any man on the board in the city.

MYR. But he is not a gentleman—not a gentleman at heart, I mean.

GLEN. Don't do him an injustice, Myriam. Dislike is no excuse for abuse of a man. Besides, we receive him here in our home.

MYR. All of which is very true. But I have a feeling we won't receive him here for long. [She rises, and crosses to the Right.]

GLEN. Don't let your young judgment betray you into false estimates.

(ENTER CLEM, with card, which he gives to MYRIAM.)

MYR. Show him in, Clem.

(EXIT CLEM.)

Mr. Hyde is come. You will receive him; and remain until I make myself presentable? Father, don't let this night be a bitter one for me.

(EXIT, Right.)

GLEN. What a mixture of child and woman she is, bless her! And may the course of her life never alter that charm.

(ENTER CLEM and MR. HYDE.)

Ah, hello, Hyde; my daughter was just telling me you were expected.

(EXIT, CLEM.)

HYDE. Even so poor a man as I, the subject of your thought; that's encouraging.

GLEN. Ha, ha, very!

HYDE. Didn't anticipate the pleasure of finding you in, this evening, Glendon. Met Wetherell at the club, just now; he spoke of a date with you, I believe.

GLEN. Yes, I am going over presently.

(ENTER MYRIAM, Right.)

MYR. But I shall not allow it; father was taken quite ill, and must disappoint Mr. Wetherell, this evening.

GLEN. Girlie!

MYR. You are a little more than punctual, Mr. Hyde. [And advancing cordially, she shakes hands with him.]

HYDE. Am a bit early. Even as it is, I walked around the block to kill a little time for your sake.

MYR. So considerate of you. [Laughs.]

HYDE. I find it easy to walk in this direction for some reason or other.

GLEN. My daughter has just accused me of an opposite inclination; and now that you are happily fixed for the evening, I shall indulge it, I think. I bid you good night—I am glad you dropped in, Mr. Hyde.

HYDE. You are keeping your engagement, then? You are not ill?

GLEN. That was a bit of diplomacy that failed. [Laughing.]

MYR. [In the archway] Father, I hope I was just a foolish little girl, and that nothing will go up in smoke but your anxiety.

GLEN. You are my very sensible little woman. [Kisses her.]

(Laughter is heard off.)

MYR. Oh, that must be Grace, and Bess, and Mr. Chase.

(MYRIAM stands expectantly as GLENDON EXITS.)
(The following few speeches are given in vestibule, off.)

GRACE. Good evening, Mr. Glendon.

BESS. How do you do, Mr. Glendon.

GLEN. Why, bless my soul, had I known you were coming—

GRACE. Oh, you can never tell a minute before what we may do the next.

CHASE. Very pertinent; they bagged me on the street, just now and—

BESS. That's the jolly privilege of a woman, you know; it's about time some one was bagging him, I'm thinking. [This is greeted with laughter.]

GLEN. Ha, ha, glad of it, Chase, glad you were captured. You'll find Myriam and Mr. Hyde waiting to receive you. Good night. By the way, Chase—just a moment—

HYDE. [At Right Center] Can't we have this evening to ourselves?

MYR. I see no possibility.

HYDE. I thought I told you—[A meaning look from Myriam stops him.]

CHASE. That will be all right. Good night, Mr. Glendon.

GRACE. Good night.

BESS. Au revoir.

(ENTER GRACE, BESS and MR. CHASE.)

MYR. I am so glad you are come.

CHASE. We knew you would be.

MYR. Father was compelled to go out, but now, your coming will make the evening complete.

CHASE. Hello, old man. [To Hyde, as Chase goes down, Right Center.]

GRACE. You see I know where to come when I'm bored by my own company.

HYDE. Exactly; but why not consider others? [Lugubriously; at which all laugh.]

BESS. Oh, you are horrid!

MYR. [Looking about] But we need another man.

CHASE. No, just a part of one; we have his hyde here.

[And the laugh ensues.]

BESS. Isn't that perfectly awful? [She sits, Left.]

GRACE. I would flay him alive for that. [She is seated with Bess.]

HYDE. Anyone who will joke of a wart on another's nose, or of another man's name, for which the associates of an ancient ancestry were responsible, would pull the shoes off a dead carriage-horse for good luck.

CHASE. Your simile is more caustic than relevant.

GRACE. Had you best get him a cup of tea? It will warm him a little.

CHASE. By no means; it would only aggravate the symptoms.

GRACE. } How?
BESS. }

CHASE. The tannin of the tea puckers the cuticle—that is to say, the hyde. [A laugh follows.]

GRACE. This improves.

BESS. Isn't he the wittiest thing?

MYR. But, Mr. Hyde, you said the associates of an ancient ancestry were responsible for your name.

HYDE. Oh, no, I didn't; I merely suggested the likelihood.

BESS. Oh, rubbish! That's beyond anyone but a crank on family trees and things.

CHASE. Well said, you refer, of course, to the home of the

ancient ancestry—the tree, in the forest primeval, where the ape first thought. [All but Bess enjoy the jest.]

BESS. What's that?

GRACE. Better and better—why, Mr. Chase, your very breath is weighted with interest biological, psychological, anthropological—oh, rescue me, rescue me!

HYDE. And foolillogical. [All laugh.] As I was saying before this anthropoidal chatter interrupted me—

GRACE. Which?

BESS. Who?

CHASE. Um!

HYDE. To answer your question, Miss Myriam—

MYR. Thank you. But why are we standing? [They take seats.]

HYDE. Going back in our family history to the first event of which we have authentic evidence, we find a chronicle of battle. [Pause.]

BESS. How thrilling! [All laugh.]

CHASE. This is profane history? Yes? Thanks; it makes a difference.

BESS. How? [To Grace.]

GRACE. Otherwise, it would have been Adam. [To Bess.]

HYDE. My remotest of great-grandfathers was a mighty warrior, who rode a mighty steed, at the head of a mighty tribe.

MYR. How delightfully romantic!

GRACE. }
BESS. } Yes.

HYDE. But one day, in battle, while leading a terrible charge, this centaur was crushing the enemy down, the horse hurled, breast on, against a fallen foeman's spear, and, crashing his great bulk to the ground, fell dead.

THE LADIES. Oh!

CHASE. Hear, hear!

HYDE. Then with sentiment, but with more discretion, this ancestral warrior took the skin of his great mount—

CHASE. Erstwhile mount—go on.

HYDE. And out of the head and neck of it, he made a head-piece, and a cape; and out of the remainder, a covering for his body, rendering him, as it were, impervious to weapons.

GRACE. "Impervious" is good.

HYDE. And when the enemy saw my remotest ancestor confront them thus accoutered, they laughed, and in derision cried, "Horse Hide, Horse Hide!" But they found him invulnerable to attack. And many there were who never told upon their hearthstones the story of such battles.

CHASE. Great! Great!

MYR. }
GRACE. } Good! Good! [Laugh and clap hands.]

HYDE. And with such success, for many moons, this unequal warfare was kept up, that, often for lack of

breath, the enemy would drop the first word of their jeering epithet, and, crying, "hyde! hyde!" would scamper from the field. And thenceforth, bloodless victories have been the order of our people.

(Laughter and applause greets the end of his tale.)

HYDE. You note the economy in language of those anterior men who could warn, advise and act upon the one word, hide—pardon my anticipation of your return. [To Chase, who nods in mock dignity.]

BESS. But I don't see the connection.

HYDE. You don't? Why, ever since, our family has been known as Hyde; and has perpetuated the habit of bloodless victories.

(Chase yawns widely.)

GRACE. We'll excuse you.

CHASE For what?

BESS. That yawn.

CHASE. It needs no excuse; the yawn at times is very expressive. [He crosses to the harp.] Myriam, come; play us that little dream song you played for me last time. I have thought of it often since. I liked it greatly.

GRACE. }
BESS. } Oh, please do.

HYDE. Speaking of songs, have you heard the latest by Jack Riley? It's a rattler. I'll get it for you, Miss Myriam.

MYR. No, I haven't heard it, Mr. Hyde; I don't wish to hear it; please do not get it for me.

CHASE. [Sings] "And she poked him with her hat-pin in the gizzard."

MYR. Why, Mr. Chase, I am astonished—You!

CHASE. That's a line of the latest.

HYDE. Sure; ain't it a crackerjack, Chase? The boys are going wild over it.

MYR. I never heard of the boys, as you call them, going wild over anything good. Music, I am pleased to think, is the highest of all the arts—the most spirituelle, ministering to the refinements and nobler aspirations. But, most of all, it vibrates in the treasure nooks of the human heart where lie the joys and sorrows, the hopes or fears, which we may not speak in words—but only in music find their fitting symbols. Do you know, I like to think that when the course of the world shall have been rounded into its destined poetic truth, the message of that great pure song will be human sympathy; love as men but dream it now—though some may taste, perhaps, those who love harmonies—harmonies which live ever with them here—here within the breast: harmonies which can waft the soul out of the painful in our daily surroundings; waft it into the sky where only the angels dwell —the angels of our inmost heart's expression.

I heard a little song, to-day, played by a street violinist. I have wondered since if he knew the depth of his own interpretation. [A pause.]

HYDE. What was the piece?

MYR. I don't know; I wish I did—if you could get that for me—perhaps I can recall it—[She turns to the

harp, and at the moment, Paolo, outside, begins to play the piece. All listen intently.] That is it!

CHASE. How beautiful! Exquisite!

MYR. It must be the same who played to-day.

GRACE. It's heavenly!—I'd like to see him.

HYDE. Oh! This highfaluting gabble of art, that you people indulge yourselves in so frequently, is too many for my comprehension; and I am of the opinion that if you were really honest, you'd confess to the same condition in yourselves.

CHASE. Oh, you are all wrong, Hyde.

GRACE. You are rude.

HYDE. I'll prove it if you dare!

MYR. It is not a matter of daring, it is a matter of breeding; for to be musical is to be well bred.

HYDE. You take delight in taunting me, don't you? But time brings on her revenges: let me have mine now.

MYR. What is it?

HYDE. Let me call in that street Arab to prove my point.

ALL. Yes, do. [As Myriam hesitates.]

GRACE. Oh, please do.

MYR. Willingly.

(She speaks to CHASE, aside, and he EXITS. HYDE crosses to a window, Left.)

HYDE. [At window] I say, there, you fellow; you fellow with the fiddle, come to the door a moment—I say, you, with the fiddle! [He turns from the window.] Damned idiot. [Aside.]

MYR. I have asked Mr. Chase to invite him in.

HYDE. All right. Now this is what you'll find: a low Italian, from some squalid basement in the Ghetto, with intelligence just enough to carry a tune and steal. And yet he can discourse most delectably in this mystic poetry of the scales—to borrow your artistic twaddle.

BESS. Say, but this is exciting.

GRACE. I am dying to see what he will be like.

(ENTER, PAOLO and CHASE. PAOLO has his violin under his arm.)

CHASE. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Paolo Adremollo.

MYR. I am glad you consented to bring your music nearer.

PAOLO. I hope it may please you, lady.

HYDE. I flew wide on the looks. [Aside.]

MYR. I am sure it will; I have heard you before.

PAOLO. Yes, it was to-day, in Hamlin Square by the fountain.

GRACE. He's really fine looking, isn't he? [To Bess.]

BESS. Oh, those dream eyes! [To Grace.]

HYDE. Come, now, fellow, give us your liveliest; we are fit for a jig. [He throws a dollar at Paolo's feet.]

BESS. Oh, a waltz; please play a waltz, Mr.—what's his name? [Giggles.]

GRACE. Careful, Bess, dear.

BESS. Can't you play us one of the Waldteufels? I dote on them.

PAOLO. You will pardon me, sir; you are right, I play for money, and you are very generous, but to-night you will let me play for the joy I take in playing.

HYDE. The devil! [Aside.]

CHASE. Guess again, Hyde.

PAOLO. [Turning from Hyde] Besides, I play jigs but seldom. [To Bess.] The Waldteufel waltzes, I have heard, I believe; I do not play them.

MYR. Of what are you most fond?

PAOLO. Oh, Madam, I cannot say; anything that was written because it must be written—of such, all of us are fond.

CHASE. You think that art is made up of messages then?

PAOLO. I do, indeed. The joy or heart-break, the aspiration or despair of men is thus written in perfect histories.

MYR. And is there a special audience for them—for whom are these histories written?

PAOLO. I should say, for all to whom they appeal.

CHASE. Some there may be, unable to read the story of the notes. [He digs Hyde.]

PAOLO. I am sure that only a few appreciate the finest music. That is forced upon me every day when I note those who listen to me, and those who pass by unheeding.

HYDE. It strikes me that you have a large conceit of your own fiddling.

PAOLO. You will excuse the vanity peculiar to the musician: but, sir, what I play is my own; they are my only treasures on earth; and it is, perhaps, natural that I should notice and be attracted to those who notice and are attracted to that which is a part of myself.

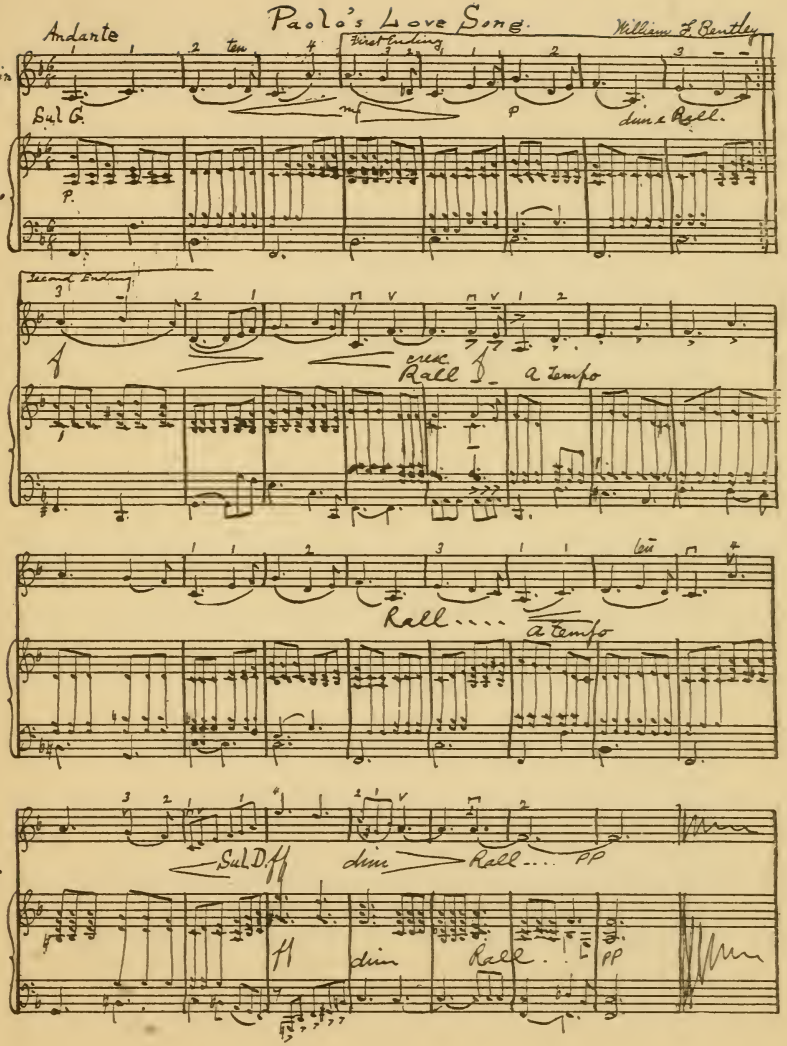
MYR. How interestingly you speak. I have thought somewhat as you have spoken; in fact—

PAOLO. You are a musician, lady? Will you not play for me?

MYR. Gladly! But we shall play together.

PAOLO. Ah, I should like that.

(MYRIAM turns to the harp, again, and begins to play PAOLO'S piece; he starts; presently takes up his violin, and they play together. After a few bars, GLENDON, passing through the hallway, pauses a moment in the archway. He appears to be worried, and passes on. Presently MYRIAM makes an error in her accompaniment, and stops playing. PAOLO continues a brief space alone.)



Paolo's Love Song.

William F. Bentley

Andante

Violin

Sul G.

mf

p

dim e Rall.

Piano

p.

First Ending

Second Ending

f

cresc.

Rall

a tempo

Rall....

a tempo

Sul D. ff

dim

Rall....

pp

ff

dim

Rall.

pp

PAOLO. Do you not like playing with me; why did you stop?

MYR. Your improvisation becomes too intricate for me to anticipate readily.

CHASE. Try again, it was beautiful.

GRACE. Could you write that for me?

PAOLO. If I could recall it—often I fail though I try a moment after playing some such new air. Like spirits, they come and go without the bidding of one's will; and, I think, that one is least conscious of the most beautiful of them.

MYR. Go on, please.

PAOLO. I fear I shall offend.

GRACE. }
BESS. } Oh, no, no.

PAOLO. Not long since, I sat of an evening strumming my thumb on the strings, and thinking what God in his mercy might give with the future to me. I was lost so deep in the reverie that all else had faded from sense; I even knew not that I was playing, nor knew of the passage of time; but a foot-fall beside me recalled me, as one wakes from a beautiful dream, and I realized that something divine had breathed on my soul in its passing. I looked up; the abbess Millicent was standing beside me. She smiled, a calm lustre surcharging her wonderful eyes, as she said, "That was beautiful—beautiful, Paolo; you will write that for me, and I shall word it for you, then the world may have it and understand." But I never

could recall one measure. Try as I did so eagerly, almost prayerfully, time, and time, and again, nothing would come, but the tantalizing memory of a glory now gone forever.

MYR. You were at the abbey?

PAOLO. Yes, the abbess is my teacher and friend.

(ENTER, GLENDON.)

MYR. Father, you are come so early! [With surprise.]

GLEN. I am a little earlier than I had expected to be—I hope I do not intrude.

MYR. You are the most welcome of all where my true friends gather.

GLEN. Child, child, will you always make a spectacle of your doting old dad?

CHASE. He rather seems to like it, I should say.

GLEN. Who wouldn't?

CHASE. } We never could guess. [They laugh and clap
HYDE. } each other on the shoulder.]

MYR. Mr. Adremollo, this is my father, Mr. Glendon.

GLEN. Glad to meet you, sir. You are musical I see; and so have had congenial company.

HYDE. I have been the only string out of tune, Glendon.

GLEN. Well, well, Hyde, discord in concord, you know. [Aside to Hyde] I wish you would remain a few moments after the rest go, I've a matter I wish to consult you upon.

HYDE. Certainly.

GRACE. Oh, Mr. Adremollo, won't you play again—for Mr. Glendon?

BESS. [To Paolo] Oh, please do. [To Glendon] You have missed a lot by going out.

CHASE. Possibly he saved a lot, too.

GLEN. A whole block. [All laugh.]

HYDE. [Aside] I wonder now. [Suggestive of a shrewd doubt.]

MYR. Yes, let us play for father; he is appreciative.

PAOLO. I hope you will pardon me. If it be not discourteous, I must take my leave.

GLEN. The wills of this house are one, Mr. Adremollo. My daughter's request—and her guests'—signifies my own—will you not play for us?

GRACE. Yes, yes.

BESS. Oh, do.

PAOLO. You have been more kind to me than you know. I thank you, madam, for the favor I have enjoyed this night; but I am compelled to go.

MYR. Perhaps there is favor upon the other side as well. [Which was but a frank proffer of appreciation.]

PAOLO. Possibly you would not deny me the privilege of coming again, sometime. [Myriam questions her father in a look which Paolo misconstrues.] I have

obtruded; pray, forgive me. [But Mr. Glendon looks an affirmation in reply to Myriam's questioning glance.]

MYR. Father and I shall be pleased to have you come.

(GRACE and BESS comments upon this apart.)

HYDE. Whew! [Aside.]

(PAOLO bows himself from the company and EXITS.)

HYDE. For heaven's sake, Mr. Glendon, squelch that; don't you see what the idiot's doing?

GLEN. Perfectly proper, Hyde.

HYDE. Don't be blind, man. Why it's a cinch that the Dago is working Miss Myriam to a finish.

GLEN. What? Oh, ha, ha, I gave you credit for soberheadedness, Hyde.

HYDE. [Quieting Glendon with a gesture] Look here a moment. [They talk together apart from the others.]

BESS. Well, dear, it is high time we were going.

GRACE. I think so, too.

MYR. Awfully good of you to come in; wasn't the violinist interesting?

BESS. I'm no longer whole heart free—ah, those dream eyes—[She sighs and laughs, making light of her admiration.]

GRACE. Really a man of finest temperament, isn't he?

CHASE. Yes, he is, and manly! We shall hear more of him and his violin, or I lose my guess.

GRACE. Well, good night.

BESS. Good night, Myriam.

(EXIT, GRACE, CHASE and BESS.)

MYR. [In archway] Good night, all. You will come again soon.

CHASE. [From off] When the fiddler plays again and the harp strings are in tune.

(Sings to refrain of "When the Robins Nest Again." Laughter dies away into the street; and MYRIAM comes down.)

HYDE. Well, I hope you may be right, that's all. [To Glendon.]

GLEN. [To Myriam] You will permit Mr. Hyde and myself to have a few minutes, Myriam; come back after a bit; we shall want you, dear.

MYR. Truly?

GLEN. Truly.

MYR. All right—when you call. [And she goes off happily humming to herself.]

GLEN. You know of the rumor on 'change to-day, relative to the big merger?

HYDE. Yes, it's a go, I believe.

GLEN. I fear it is, for it is making me trouble. I have been an individual producer for years; in fact, since '68; and have built up a valuable property, sufficient for all the needs of a man who is sane in finance. I

was born to be independent; I want my own; and have withstood the offers, bribes and threats of this combine, with the hope of keeping my plant as long as I may live.

HYDE. I sympathize with you fully. You well may be proud of the industries in your name.

GLEN. But it has come to the point where I must have assistance, and that at once. The Maxwells are doing me up. Sales fell off fifty per cent last month, and, to-day, I learn that I'll have to meet their prices under actual cost of production. Hyde, it is just the same as murder—they are trying to murder Myriam, and me, and our people of the factories. It's beginning to get on my nerves a bit. [He shows nervousness.]

HYDE. Oh, no; all you'll have to do is to borrow to tide over the squeeze.

GLEN. That's the very difficulty. The rascals have tied up all the resources from which I have drawn, heretofore, when in an emergency my business needed cash. Wetherell and I have canvassed the situation carefully, and we are convinced that we shall go to the wall to-morrow, unless some one can be found to extend the helping hand.

HYDE. Is it possible?

GLEN. Hyde, as purely a business proposition, couldn't you find, say, twenty thousand for us to-morrow morning? [He exhibits quite perceptible anxiety.]

HYDE. Twenty thousand, and the firm of Maxwell & Boynton against you?

GLEN. Yes, but what of that? We're not going to fail! It would be too hideously immoral for them to do it.

HYDE. I'm not so sure of the morality of these combines.

GLEN. But I have always had faith in humanity, and it never, never has proved false to me yet. What! Sacrifice my darling girl and me, in my old age, to their lust of gain? Oh, no; no, sir! You would be perfectly safe, perfectly safe; rely on my word, my friend; rely on my word, for my word, I take pride, is better than my bond.

HYDE. That was true—yesterday.

GLEN. True yesterday? And for twice three hundred tomorrows! [He speaks with growing excitement.]

HYDE. I sincerely wish it were so; but your bond is worthless on 'change to-day, and that makes your word but the thing of breath it is.

GLEN. Gods, what are you saying, man?

HYDE. I am merely indulging in plain facts.

GLEN. Do you forget that you are in my house, sir? It will be my pleasure to bid you good-night.

HYDE. Your nerves are at a little tension, to-night, Mr. Glendon. I shall not go yet, however, for I intend to assist you.

GLEN. Pardon me, Hyde, old fellow; I'm not quite myself to-night. You are right; I am worried—have been so long—I fear I am getting old, for I can't stand what I could once—I'm getting old—and I'm—

HYDE. No! no! not a bit of it; ha, ha, you are a little off color to-night, but to-morrow you'll be fit as a boy. However, it might be expedient to have a little reliable backing in some young fellow who has resources and courage to use them.

GLEN. Yes, yes, that's it. That's why I came to you. I must have more than financial aid—I have proved that this night.

HYDE. I can help you; and I will—with a proviso.

GLEN. Thank God, how you have relieved me.

HYDE. Mr. Glendon, I have greatly admired your daughter for a long time. And I mean to win her for my wife.

GLEN. I have no objections whatsoever.

HYDE. But more than that, I must have your support. I don't appeal to that superfine fancy of hers. I can't rave over the gewgaws of art; and I have a good bad habit of speaking my mind, as you have observed.

GLEN. A quality that I admire.

HYDE. Now, Chase appeals to her because he is sentimental; a sort of moonlight, guitar simpering fellow who couldn't make a stroke in stocks to save his life. And that damned Dago—gods! [Aside] I'll be revenged for this night.

GLEN. No, no, you are wild there, Hyde.

HYDE. Not on your life! Now, with the girl bent this way, a practical man has no show. And I propose this: I'll see you through this crisis if you'll fix my standing with Miss Myriam.

GLEN. No, Hyde, I can't do that.

HYDE. You refuse me? [With an ugly look which is lost on Glendon.]

GLEN. No, not that; but I object to the form. I like you as a man, and am willing to do all in my power, honorably, to center Myriam's attentions upon you. Then, man to man, in purely a business way, you will let me have twenty thousand for, say, ninety days. That ought to be satisfactory.

HYDE. It is. Meet me at the Merchants' Exchange tomorrow at noon. [They shake hands.]

GLEN. I will do so at the hour appointed. I shall ask my daughter to see you for a moment before you go.

(EXIT, GLENDON.)

HYDE. What a cinch the old fool is. If he knew, now, that I am promoter of the combine which is destroying him; and that my will alone can make or break him; and mine the brains behind the deals engineered to make him tractable—a bloodless victory! Ha, ha; [Looking at his reflection in a glass] you shrewd devil, you!

(ENTER, MYRIAM, Right.)

HYDE. Oh, but I have been impatient for you, my charming lady. Come, sit here; I have something to say sweetly attuned to thy maiden ear. By George! I'll become a poet for you yet.

MYR. May I sit here, please? And you will not keep me long, I know, for father is waiting. [They remain standing.]

HYDE. The same old cuts! Are you never going to change toward me?

MYR. Don't be disagreeable, Mr. Hyde.

HYDE. Look here, I have something to say to you; and I'm coming to the point.

MYR. Thank you.

HYDE. Your father is a bankrupt. His business goes into my hands to-morrow unless you brighten up a little towards me.

MYR. Do you so lack the instincts of—oh, what shall I say?

HYDE. Yes, if you will have it that way—I'll be treated like a dog by no woman; not even by you, whom I love better than anyone else on earth. If you've been bluffing me, as I half suspect you have, I'll call you now—Myriam, I—I love you.

MYR. Sir, I wish I could treat your avowal with respect.

HYDE. You will treat it so before we are through; by heaven, I am of a mind—

MYR. Will you leave me now?

HYDE. No! not until I tell you this:—

MYR. I will not hear it! [She starts to leave the room.]

HYDE. You shall hear it. [He seizes her and crushes her to him.] Oh, you beautiful torment, don't you feel how I love you? You will, you must be my wife.

MYR. Let me go instantly, or I shall call.

HYDE. After this, and this, and this. [He kisses her repeatedly.]

(They struggle across to a table where MYRIAM, reaching for support, strikes upon a bell. Thereupon HYDE releases her.)

(ENTER, CLEM.)

MYR. Mr. Hyde feels that he must go; please show him to the door. [Hyde hesitates, a baffled expression on his face.]

CLEM. Your hat is in the vestibule, suh. [With countenance flushing in acknowledged defeat, Hyde follows Clem from the room.]

(MYRIAM goes to the glass, smoothes her hair, arranges apparel. She pauses in doubt; makes up her mind, and EXITS hastily by the door, Right, through which her father went a few moments before.)

(ENTER, CLEM. He shows that he is much troubled while he busies himself about the furniture; he goes, Left, before MYRIAM and GLENDON ENTER. During the quarrel he quietly EXITS.)

(ENTER GLENDON, followed by MYRIAM. GLENDON is very nervous and over-wrought.)

MYR. The man shall never enter this house again.

GLEN. My child, my child, we are compelled to treat him with consideration.

MYR. Compelled! The person does not exist that can compel me against my will.

GLEN. Is this Myriam?

MYR. It is Myriam! I tell you that I have suffered insult at the hands of this man, and you tell me to ignore it—not only that, but to place myself in position for a repetition of the wretched thing. I answer you, no! It is monstrous! I think you do not know what you are saying!

GLEN. To-morrow morning, Mr. Hyde will save the Glendon factories to you and to me. Thereafter, you shall treat him with becoming favors—and promise him your hand if he ask it! [With deliberate emphasis.]

MYR. Have you two subscribed to such a compact?

GLEN. Not until this moment—but now I do. If you can forget your old father in his great extremity, he will exact of you the uttermost of filial obedience.

MYR. And I repudiate it. If an aged parent, in an overwrought moment, sells his daughter for such and such matter of sheds, housing squalor and abomination; so much of stocks, whose every face is a private lie; so much of elegance schemed from the world's supply at the expense of half requited labor— [Glendon falls fainting.] Oh, what am I saying! Those wild words are untrue. [She cries hysterically.] Father, I was mad; forgive me, forgive me; I did not mean a word of it, not one syllable. You are kind to your men—kind to everybody—father!

Clem, come quickly!

(ENTER, CLEM.)

Father has fainted, I think.

(CLEM kneels beside his master, and lovingly assists MYRIAM in her attempts to restore consciousness to him who is sore stricken.)

[CURTAIN.]

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *(The intersection of two streets. The GLENDON home is seen well up and to the Left. There is an iron fence before the house and steps approach the entrance. At rise of curtain there enter from back, NIZETTA and PIERRE. They draw slowly toward GLENDON'S residence. NIZETTA shows strong dislike of the place and is gloomy. Presently she and PIERRE sit in shadow upon the steps. HYDE then ENTERS; as he approaches from back, PIERRE meets him with extended hand for alms. HYDE pushes PIERRE out of his way roughly; whereupon NIZETTA springs up, and, posing with a smile before HYDE, extends her tambourine. HYDE pauses; is pleased with NIZETTA, and tosses a piece of money into the tambourine.)*

HYDE. Egad! But you've no business begging, my pretty wench.

(He withdraws into a deep shadow.)

NIZ. Thank you, sir.

HYDE. Here, here's a mate for the coin I gave you.

(NIZETTA extends her tambourine as before.)

HYDE. No, no, come and get it.

NIZ. Don't you think it—you'll be a disappointed man.

(HYDE, laughing coarsely, passes on. NIZETTA and PIERRE sit down on the steps again. ENTER a THUG, Right. HYDE and the THUG meet down Center.)

THUG. Well, I'm here, sir.

HYDE. You are punctual, all right—see that you do the job as satisfactorily.

THUG. Trust me.

HYDE. Not a trust! I pay you, see? And I expect to get what I pay for.

THUG. Suit yourself; I'll deliver the goods all right. Just so you provide the dough.

HYDE. It's ready when the job's done to my liking.

THUG. You say it's fifty?

HYDE. If you do him up.

THUG. The fifty's mine, all right. Where's the house?

HYDE. The brown stone up there. It's about time for the Dago to be along; he passes here every night at about this time. I'll go across the street, and, when the right one comes by, I'll give a low whistle—then get busy.

THUG. I'm your lad. Good thing the light's not on.

HYDE. Yes; circuit must be out of order—luck seems with us.

(ENTER PAOLO from back, with violin.)

HYDE. There he comes—that's the Dago I want. Now show me you're an artist.

(HYDE crosses the street, Right. PAOLO pauses before the house and begins to play his little love song. The THUG moves slowly toward him. NIZETTA and PIERRE get up unseen and walk across and up the street. The shutters of a window open in the house and light streaming through shows MYRIAM is there.)

NIZ. [In ugly spirit] Hello, my fine lady; open your window wider; here's your beggar lover playing for some soup!

(PAOLO turns in hurt surprise. With wild laughter, NIZETTA starts to run up with PIERRE; glancing over her shoulder, she sees the THUG about to strike PAOLO with a sandbag—she screams. PAOLO steps quickly aside, but receives a glancing blow which makes him stagger, and his violin falls to the ground. PAOLO and the THUG grapple fiercely. With his hand clutching the THUG'S throat, PAOLO forces him backward upon the fence. NIZETTA leaves PIERRE up street, Right, and, coming down, tries to help PAOLO in the encounter. PAOLO prevents her doing so.)

PAOLO. No, no, not so savage. [To Nizetta.]

(During this struggle, HYDE crosses the street and picks up the violin, which, in the contention, has been kicked into the gutter. With malicious gratification, he breaks the precious instrument over his knee and throws the pieces upon GLENDON'S porch. He then passes swiftly on, and EXITS at the rear.)

THUG. [Gurgling] Enough—you've got me!

(PAOLO raises the THUG from the fence, and throws him violently upon the pavement, where he lies a short space, making no effort to rise. PAOLO restrains NIZETTA who would rush upon the miscreant.)

PAOLO. Poor wretch, why did you attack me?

THUG. I was hired to, mister.

PAOLO. Hired to? Who could have done that?

THUG. Will you let me go if I tell you?

PAOLO. I should let you go in any case.

THUG. [Getting up] Thank you, mister. [Backing slowly away.] Don't play under the window any more, young fellow.

(Saying this, he turns and runs—NIZETTA following a few steps. PAOLO stands in deep thought.)

NIZ. [Coming back to Paolo] Are you hurt, Paolo?

PAOLO. I think not—no, I am not hurt at all. I wish you would go to the abbey for me and tell Mother Millicent that I shall not come for my lesson to-night. I shall be there as usual to-morrow.

NIZ. I will. Where are you going now?

PAOLO. Home.

NIZ. [Jealously] If you stay here, I won't go a step for you.

PAOLO. I am going now, Nizetta.

NIZ. I'll be there and home awful quick! Let's see who gets there first!

PAOLO. All right; now for a race; off with you.

(EXIT NIZETTA, taking PIERRE, and running back.)

PAOLO. "Don't play under the window." "Beggar lover playing for some soup"—Oh, God, does malice, mistrust and envy exist concomitant with my love? Why, why, oh, love divine, are these dregs of rue in love's sweet wine?

I have no right to seek her, yet I cannot stay away. Hands, for what were you made that you hang so idle here? Oh, I am impotent; impotent of every means—I, who have the greatest incentive to make for myself a place and name, thus to stand about while others nobly strive!

(NIZETTA steals in again, and, seeing PAOLO, secrets herself where she may watch proceedings. The street lights flash on; and now there enter, from several directions, workmen from GLENDON'S factories, who gather in the street. Two workmen approach PAOLO from Left.)

FIRST WORKMAN. [To Paolo] Upa the streeta a little farther, comrade.

SECOND WORKMAN. [Passing Paolo] Well, come on, get into the push!

(PAOLO turns and observes the gathering. More workmen and a number of women come on. Two men approach from Right. PAOLO moves to meet them.)

PAOLO. What's the business here to-night?

THIRD WORKMAN. A meeting of an educational committee—we give a lesson to tyrant capital, in a few minutes.

FOURTH WORKMAN. We're going to open old Glendon's ears with a rock—he's been too hard of hearing.

FIRST WORKMAN. [Up street] To hella witha plutocracy!

SECOND WORKMAN. We'll send part of it there to-night.

(A general laugh. NIZETTA and PIERRE join mob.)

A BOY. We'll bust the old miser's head for 'im.

A WOMAN. Come out from yer meat and wine and give us a crust of bread!

(General approval, such as cries of "that's what," "good," "good," and the like.)

A VOICE. We'll have our wages and our rights!

THIRD WORKMAN. Quiet, men! Here comes Mike Delaney—now mind, we do what he says; de ye understand?

(The mob opens, and MIKE DELANEY ENTERS, Right.)

MIKE. Shut yer yaps! Be civil till we ask him out; then, if he refuses us, we'll do our duty by our families.

Out of the way, boys. [He mounts the steps.] Now quiet, I say. [He rings the door-bell.]

PAOLO. [Down front] Do I understand aright that Mr. Glendon owes these men wages?

A WORKMAN. That's what the fracas is about, boss.

ANOTHER WORKMAN. Pay day's past three weeks and we ain't got nothin' but promises; but we get somethin' else to-night.

(CLEM opens the door. PAOLO turns from the mob, and raises his face in an attitude of supplication.)

MIKE. Tell your master a committee waits at his door to see him.

CLEM. [Apprehensively] Yes, suh, I tells Mars Glendon what you say.

(EXIT, CLEM, closing door.)

MIKE. [To mob] Pietro was shot by the guards last night, you know—he's dead.

(The announcement causes great excitement.)

PAOLO. If thou art my guardian angel, lead thou me on. Yes, yes, I understand you—and follow—follow.

(EXIT, PAOLO, Left, as in a trance.)

MIKE. [To a fellow] What? naw, we've got the police in Mulvaney's back room—two of 'em jagged already.

(CLEM appears at the door.)

CLEM. Mars is very sick, suh, and cain't see nobody.

A VOICE. What's that?

MIKE. The word is that Glendon's sick and won't see us.

First Workman. The hella he won'ta.

Second Workman. Then let's go in and see him.

Third Workman. That's what! [Starts up steps.]

Fourth Workman. In we go. [Starts up steps.]

Another Workman. [On steps] We'll be a sick committee and wait on him. [To the crowd.]

Clem. I'm sorry, suh, but you cain't come in; Mars—

A Voice. Bring out the nigger; let's begin with the nigger.

Another Voice. The nigger for a starter.

(Many press toward the steps. MIKE attempts to go in. CLEM slams the door on his foot, which prevents the door from shutting. Three on the porch force the door open, and drag CLEM down. They throw him into crowd, where he is beaten and kicked.)

A Voice. Let's take him to the square.

Another Voice. Let's have a hangin' bee.

First Workman. Senda him where Pietro ees.

(A large part of crowd cheer this idea; a few cry, "No, no," and protest in action. The crowd grows very excited.)

Mike. Easy there, we're after bigger game, boys.

A Workman. Let's scare the old coon white.

First Workman. Let'sa burna da coon! Come on, Mike, let'sa burna da coon.

Second Workman. You're a devil—ha, ha, let's do it!

Third Workman. No, heavens, you're carrying it too far.

A Voice. Let's burn 'im!

(This is greeted with a yell of approval, mingled with cries of dissent.)

(FIRST and SECOND WORKMEN exchange glances, and plunge into the mob; others start with one intent, and, seizing CLEM, they hurry him off with cries of "Get wood," "Bring boxes," "A can of oil," and others of like import. General tumult follows, and the crowd jams Right exit. MIKE, protesting vigorously, tries to dissuade the men from their purpose. Three men draw down front.)

(MYRIAM appears at the door; she pauses on the threshold.)

FIRST MAN. This must be stopped at all hazards.

SECOND MAN. Why, the men are turned into beasts!

MYRIAM. Cowards! Hands off the old man!

(The mob rapidly EXITS, Right. MYRIAM comes down the steps.)

What are they going to do?

FIRST MAN. I am afraid nothing good, lady.

MYR. I fear it, they seem bent on evil.

THIRD MAN. They are giving the old darkey a little scare, lady; that's all.

A VOICE. [From off] We're going to burn the nigger!

(A yell follows.)

MYR. Oh, that cannot be! Come, come with me—if it should prove as you say, it is too cruel by far—and they may mean more, for their voices sound wicked. We must save the poor old man.

FIRST MAN. There may be danger to you, lady.

SECOND MAN. }
THIRD MAN. } We will if it is possible, madam.

MYR. Possible? I will make it possible!

(ALL EXIT, Right.)

SCENE 2. *(A reproduction of the MARIONI basement on small stage back of, and above, the set for Scene 1.)*

(ENTER PAOLO. He strikes a match and lights a candle; carrying it, he pauses a moment at the door of sleeping room, Left, whispers, "Asleep;" then moves slowly to the center of the room. He sinks upon his knees, and, setting down the candle, tries to insert his fingers between the stones of the floor, but fails. Suddenly he leaps up, springs like a tiger to the cupboard, takes out the old chisel, as MARIONI did in the first act, and returns to Center. He attempts again to lift the stone. He tries three times. At last, it yields—he lifts it, and discovers the pot of gold! He raises the treasure, and, going across the room, takes a sack from a corner, and empties the money into it—whereupon he EXITS. In a few moments MARIONI enters from the sleeping room, and presently discovers that he has been despoiled of all his hoardings. He falls upon his knees beside the empty hole, and, while lamenting his loss, the pavement above suddenly falls in, crushing him to death.)

SCENE 3. *(Same as Scene 1.)*

(ENTER, from Right, the mob; among the first is MYRIAM, supporting CLEM who is almost crazed with fear. FIRST, SECOND and THIRD MEN prevent the mob from rushing upon MYRIAM and CLEM. The mob is hooting, jeering and bandying offensive epithets. MIKE hastily advances and intercepts MYRIAM in the center of the street.)

MIKE. We came to see Mr. Glendon, and we are going to see him, Miss.

MYR. You speak to me after this outrage?

(A man pushes MIKE aside.)

A VOICE. Aw, don't take no bluff from the girl.

(MYRIAM and CLEM reach the steps up which CLEM stumbles, and disappears into the house. MYRIAM mounts the first few steps, and, turning, faces the mob.)

FIRST WORKMAN. It's up to Glendon to show his head right now.

(Cries of "That's what," "Right," greet the demand.)

SECOND WORKMAN. Look here, young woman, we don't want no trouble with you—that's the reason we give ye the nigger. Give 'er three minutes to perduce the old guy, Mike, and then, if they don't, by—

MYR. Silence, you chattering fiends groping about there in the guise of men! And, if you have any understanding left, listen to me.

THIRD WORKMAN. Lord, but she's flingin' compliments!

A WOMAN. The hussy! I'd cram that down her throat!

A VOICE. Shut up! let's hear.

A BOY. Her next!

VOICE. Hush, hush, let her talk if she wants to.

(General movement of assent.)

MYR. Of what kind are you that you can forget, in a moment of passion, the full years of Hiram Glendon's providence? What spirit of villainy is in you that you can banish from memory the benefactions of a lifetime? Yet, you have no treachery but ignorance, no malice but greed, and your violence is but the distemper of ambition. Your minds are grown but to the stature of children, and, like children, when you are ugly, you should be beaten; and to win your smile, we shall give you a bit of striped candy! [A

murmur of resentment runs through the crowd.] For shame! For shame! That you make occasion for such words as these, the righteousness of which you cannot with honesty deny. [A movement of dissent in the crowd.] Hear me, and if manhood has not deserted your breasts never to return, bow your heads in grief, and depart in peace. My father, who has befriended you in many ways of which you know, and many ways of which you know not anything, lies within this house (which to-day perhaps he does not own) ill to the point of death. It is the fact that he cannot pay you, that he has exhausted all his forces in trying to meet his obligations to you—this it is which has stricken him—yes, and my own ingratitude—for I, too, have blundered, men, like you —cruelly blundered last night when I withstood the kind old man, and he fell prostrated by my ungenerous words.

(ENTER, PAOLO, Left Front.)

Leave us now, you shall be paid in total though the factories be sold to satisfy your demands.

A Voice. We need more than your word.

Another Voice. A woman's promise to back an old man's failure!

Myr. Did he ever deny you before?

First Workman. Na, na!

Second Workman. He never did that.

Third Workman. You're right there, my lady.

Paolo. [Springing up beside Myriam] Oh, then you recover from your plague of the beast! It is well that

you recover in time. I am come to satisfy your demands, and, in the name of Mr. Glendon, you shall be paid in full, and that now. Go at once to the office of the company; there you will receive every dollar that is your due—and, then, if you can pray, go to your knees, and ask forgiveness for what you have thought to do this night.

(A general stir in crowd, and questionings. PAOLO turns to MYRIAM.)

MYR. They will kill you for such a promise as that!

PAOLO. No; for I shall fulfill it! Oh, wonderful! I beheld a vision; it was sent from on high; I followed the sign, and into my hands was delivered this treasure! [Showing the sack of gold.]

FIRST WORKMAN. It's a bluffa.

SECOND WORKMAN. We don't bite that bait; try another.

THIRD WORKMAN. It's a lie! Bring him down.

PAOLO. It is true! Only give me leave to prove it. I shall come down. [He starts down the steps.] See, I am not afraid of you. Follow me—come with me. Is this a lie; or this?

(He throws a handful of gold among them, and they scramble for the coin. PAOLO passes through the mob.)

Now to the factories!

(EXIT, PAOLO, Right, the mob following.)

FIRST WORKMAN. Let'sa follow heem.

SECOND WORKMAN. Come on.

THIRD WORKMAN. Hurry up, we'll get left in the shuffle.

(EXIT, the MOB. MYRIAM stands as though stricken dumb for a time, then goes slowly down the steps and into the street.)

MYR. Is he mad, or am I—has all this really been?

A VOICE. [Off] By heaven, we will kill him if he doesn't make good!

ANOTHER VOICE. And carry him on our shoulders if he does! [The mob cheers.]

MYR. Be your voice prophetic, rude though it is!

(MYRIAM starts for the house; pauses; picks up a peg of the violin.)

The key of a violin—can it be—

(She goes up the steps and finds the ruined violin where HYDE had thrown it.)

Oh, it is broken!

(She gathers up the scattered pieces, and, with one look after PAOLO, and a little convulsive sob, as her eyes fall again upon the fragments in her hands, she enters the house.)

[CURTAIN]

ACT IV.

(The GLENDON home as in Act II. PIERRE is discovered, Left, looking through a picture book. After the rise of the curtain, CLEM ENTERS with tray and dishes from the sick room, Right.)

CLEM. Two months ago, to-day, Mars and my lady had the only quarrel in their life; and since then, neither ain't spoken ter the other, and Mars in his bed mos' the time hardly expected ter live; but he's gettin' better fas' now, sure nough; so fas' I feared he goin' ter git strong headed and do morn he oughter fo he kin. And there the Mistis! Mistis is shorly high headed, and she tender hearted at the same time; Lor, how she wait on old Mars; never leavin' the room 'ceptin' when I's thar ter tend ter 'im. I wonder whar this goin' end itsef?—I dunno—I dunno. [He sees Pierre.] Good evenin', little Mars Pierre. Is your health quite circumspec' this evenin'?

PIERRE. Yes, quite good, thank you, Clem. Has my papa come yet?

CLEM. No, honey, not till to-morrow mornin' ten o'clock.

PIERRE. Well, I guess I can stand it one more day; one can stand so much when one has to.

CLEM. If you ain't the beatenist! Um umh!

(ENTER, MYRIAM.)

MYR. Please take the tray to the kitchen, Clem; and return to father at once; he is determined upon getting

up and dressing. Help him if you must; prevent him if you can.

CLEM. Yes'm.

(EXIT, CLEM. MYRIAM comes down, Center.)

MYR. Well, sir; and how does my little man get along by this time: quite at home, isn't he?

PIERRE. [Doubtfully] Yes, I'm trying to be. [He crosses to Myriam and takes her hand.] But it's pretty tough on a fellow to be away from his mamma and papa so long, don't you think?

MYR. Yes, of course it is, dear. But you shall have them both to-morrow when they will take you to your real home; and then you will be so happy again. And now, I think you had best be off to bed—don't you—so you may be up bright and early with the birds in the morning. [She rings for the matron.]

PIERRE. All right; I'm ready. May I take the book with me?

MYR. Yes, dear.

(ENTER, MRS. LANE.)

MYR. You may take Pierre to his room, Mrs. Lane—and he will soon be in the land of dreams—forgetful of all his little troubles.

PIERRE. Good night, Miss Myriam.

MYR. Good night, dear. [She kisses him.]

(EXIT, PIERRE and THE MATRON.)

(MYRIAM shows weariness. She goes back and takes from a table PAOLO'S violin, which she has caused to be repaired. She looks at it long before speaking.)

MYR. What a feeling old singer you are—and what a surprise for Paolo when he comes to-night.

(ENTER GLENDON, Right, in dishabille.)

GLEN. [Pausing at door] Myriam! [Myriam lays the violin down and faces Glendon imperiously.] Why do you preserve this terrible silence toward your father?

MYR. I am waiting for my father to recall the last words he spoke to his daughter.

GLEN. But you were wrong, Myriam. [Frettingly.]

MYR. I was right!

GLEN. There, there; you will unman me again—right or wrong, let us be kind!

MYR. Oh, I am willing; so very, very willing!

(She hastens to him, and assists him to a seat, Left Center.)

GLEN. Then it is not all lost—the once sweet relation—the tender sympathy expressed when last we sat, as we are sitting now, and played out our little figure of the balances?

MYR. It need not be—it shall not be.

GLEN. That awful night when my men gathered, here, in the street, demanding their pay—you didn't think I knew, but I did; I heard much of that distressful affair, and your heroic speech which came after they had so basely abused poor Clem—what was it that sent them away so suddenly? Was it you saved us from added indignity?

MYR. No. As I was speaking to the men, telling them of your illness, and pleading with them to desist from their folly, some one came hurriedly through the crowd, and, leaping beside me on the porch, promised the men their wages; and then he led them toward the factories, the men following him eagerly. I understand that this "some one" paid the men what was their due.

GLEN. It was Hyde. Ah, yes; my trust was well placed in him.

MYR. No, it was not.

GLEN. An agent of his.

MYR. Nor an agent.

GLEN. No other in all this city would do such a generous thing as that for us, Myriam.

MYR. Yes, two others in this city would do such a thing for us, father; Mr. Chase, if he could; Paolo Adremollo, as he did!

GLEN. What, that ragamuffin street fiddler?

MYR. No, that noble young Italian, whose every feature betrays his patrician blood, whose every accent has the cadence of true culture; a gentleman of finest instincts and generous impulses.

GLEN. Myriam, what fine frenzy are you acting here?

MYR. The frenzy of inadequate praise; for every word I utter in description leaps but to half the stature of my meaning. And this you yourself shall see.

GLEN. Have you seen him since that night?

MYR. Every day, he has been here to inquire after you—so solicitous of your health.

GLEN. Of *my* health? Hum!

MYR. Yes; and he is coming again, very soon; even now is his hour—and you will thank him for what he has done for us; and like him just as I do, papa, won't you—won't you—papa?

GLEN. Just as you do? [Quizzically. Myriam nods.] Well, bring your paragon in to me. I give over my judgment, my ripe experience, and every attempt to understand. This tale of yours has the best of Grimm or else my mind is tricked and all's the fancy of a fevered brain.

(ENTER, CLEM.)

CLEM. Mistah Paolo Adremollo.

MYR. We will see him here, Clem.

(EXIT, CLEM.)

GLEN. That was Clem's voice, and Myriam answered it. There's evidence of a flesh and blood beginning.

(ENTER, PAOLO.)

MYR. He comes!

(She springs up, and greets PAOLO warmly.)

PAOLO. I am chosen for first violin in the symphony orchestra. [To Myriam.]

MYR. I knew it, I knew it, I knew it!

PAOLO. You knew it?

MYR. Of course; didn't you deserve it?

PAOLO. Well, I think I can handle the part.

MYR. Of course; you could direct the whole orchestra.

PAOLO. Hard work may earn promotion. Is that your father up? It is! [They cross to Glendon.]

MYR. Father, this is Paolo Adremollo whom you have met before; I am sure you remember him.

GLEN. Perfectly. I am glad to see you, sir.

PAOLO. It gives me great pleasure to see you so far recovered.

GLEN. Thank you. I am feeling quite myself to-day.

PAOLO. You have had a long illness; but the doctor says your recovery may be complete.

GLEN. I trust it will be. But come—I am told you are a necromancer—or is it magic you practice? Was it you, Paolo, who outran the world and plucked the golden bag from the end of the rainbow?

PAOLO. Sir?

GLEN. There, there, I'll put fooling aside. What is our status? In whose hands are the factories? Where is Wetherell? Why has he not been here? Send for him at once!

(He speaks with the peevish impatience of weakness.)

MYR. There, father, let your mind be at rest; Paolo can tell you all.

GLEN. What? You understand affairs? But first: who is Paolo Adremollo; and how does it come that he, a stranger to us heretofore, is associated with us in this remarkable manner?

PAOLO. That would necessitate the story of my life.

MYR. With his every act strung as a bead on a rosary leading through these eventful days.

PAOLO. And in the stringing, we have made the cross and now pass on, leaving it a sacred symbol of the past.

(GLENDON drops his face in his hands. MYRIAM attends.)

MYR. Father, what is it?

GLEN. I am attentive to your story. [Recovering himself.] Pardon me, won't you be seated?

PAOLO. I was born in the North of Italy of a family of some influence. When two years of age, I was abducted by brigands; and, after all attempts at my ransom had failed, I was spirited away to this country, to be put under the hard tutelage of an Italian padrone. I grew up as his son.

GLEN. It is hard to understand your felicity of address.

PAOLO. Perhaps a birthright; but more, because, while still a child, my life was blessed by the notice of a nun from the abbey. Since then, I have stolen an hour each day to pursue a course of study marked out for me by the Mother Superior.

MYR. Tell father why you stayed with the old padrone in the cellar so long when your tastes all revolted against it.

(She sits on the arm of GLENDON'S chair.)

PAOLO. There was one whom I loved as a sister, a daughter to the old padrone. I stayed in the hope of inducing her, finally, to seek the care and protection

of them at the abbey. This she refused to do until, one night, by an accident, her wild birth nest was destroyed. She is now a novitiate under the direction and in the comfort of the women of that blessed sisterhood.

MYR. Now tell us of the pot of gold, and the paying of the men!

GLEN. This is the tale of the chief wonder worker. [Aside.]

PAOLO. It seems that the basement we lived in had been the rendezvous of a gang of robbers before the advent of the Marioni family. This band pooled its ill-got gains, and was thrifty in its way. A loose stone of the old rock floor covered an iron kettle in which was secreted the riches of the band; and the amount contained in this hiding place had grown to a large sum, when, on a fatal night, all but one of the robbers were shot down during an attempt on the vaults of a bank in New Hamburg. It is believed that Marioni was the one of that band who escaped. But his connection with the crime could never be traced.

MYR. But everyone thinks he was one of them, though.

PAOLO. Yes; for, one week later, he was found in possession of the quarters, living with an Italian woman whom he claimed for his wife. If he had been a robber before, he changed his methods at this time and became a cowardly padrone.

MYR. And here, Paolo appears.

PAOLO. Yes, but the history of my training, the coming

L. of C.

of little Nizetta, and the stealing of Pierre, would not interest you.

GLEN. But how did you learn all this?

PAOLO. Partly from the police records; partly from inference; partly as I shall relate.

MYR. Now listen, father.

PAOLO. Once I dreamed of a treasure hid under a block of our floor, but, strange, I never undertook to verify the vision of my sleep until the day of your urgent need. I chanced to be passing this way the time that your men attempted to mob you. I stood powerless, there in the street, to prevent it, or assist you. In the agony, because of my weakness, I cried out for some sign to be sent me; and lo! on the instant, there broke, as a great light upon me, the memory of my dream, in a vision made supernaturally vivid. I started and ran, impelled by an irresistible force, full speed for the cellar. I entered as though guided—I flew to the cupboard and took from a shelf an old chisel, and, in a moment more, was kneeling over a large stone in the middle of the pavement. I pried at the stone; it yielded! On the third attempt, I raised it. Oh, wonderful—there lay the minted, lusterful metal, enough and to spare to ward off the hideous climax of the mob's intended revenge.

(PAOLO rises and paces the floor in the excitement of his narration.)

MYR. Then he paid off the men, shut down the shops, and there all the great buildings stand, awaiting your command to imbue them again with life.

GLEN. Then the old world does swing on the hinges of love, doesn't it? And love shall receive its reward. But where have Hyde and Wetherell been all this time? Come, your story's not finished.

(The door-bell rings. PAOLO and MYRIAM exchange glances. MYRIAM warns PAOLO not to tell her father of HYDE.)

PAOLO. We know but little about them; only this, perhaps—

(ENTER, CLEM.)

CLEM. The ladies and Mr. Chase to see Miss Glendon.

(ENTER, GRACE, BESS and MR. CHASE.)

(CLEM crosses and stands Left of GLENDON.)

GRACE. Oh, we have such news! [She passes on to Glendon.] Why, Mr. Glendon, so glad to see you around again.

BESS. [To Myriam] Couldn't guess it in a thousand years. [Passes on to Glendon.] Oh, isn't it splendid to be out again? We've been so afraid you'd never be yourself again; but you are going to be, aren't you?

GLEN. Well, I certainly hope so.

CHASE. [To Myriam] Have you seen the afternoon papers?

MYR. No.

(She indicates the presence of her father, and cautions CHASE.)

CHASE. Oh, we have an antidote for him better than all the medical compounds.

MYR. Not if it's very exciting.

(GRACE crosses to PAOLO, Right, Front.)

CHASE. [To Glendon] Congratulations on your convalescence.

GLEN. Thanks, Chase.

GRACE. The merger's smashed! [To Paolo.]

PAOLO. Is it true?

BESS. To smithereens!

GRACE. The evening papers are full of it. [As Chase gives paper to Glendon.) No, no, read it aloud so all may hear.

GLEN. Yes, I can scarcely see to read it for myself.

BESS. Oh, it's great!

CHASE. [Reading] "It ends in a crash! The great attempt to combine the clothing manufactories of the country fails for lack of funds. Stock in Maxwell & Boynton's merger goes to zero in a wild panic this morning. Hyde, the promoter, has left the city. The firm refuses to talk."

GLEN. Hyde—promoter!

(He is almost overcome by the revelation.)

GRACE. That is of particular interest to you, Mr. Glendon.

GLEN. [Recovering himself and with gratitude thrilling his being]"All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me. Yet, the Lord will command his loving kindness."

GRACE. Now read the other, Mr. Chase. Oh, it is splendid, splendid!

CHASE. [Reading] "A great find! Director of the Symphony orchestra so speaks of the almost unknown Paolo Adremollo, who is to play first violin in the organization."

BESS. Isn't it just too good?

(MYRIAM and PAOLO, in a mutual action, start toward each other; but pause.)

CHASE. Keep your eloquence a moment; more follows here. [Reads] "It will be of interest to the readers of the *Post* to know that the little melody, 'The Wooing of a Violin,' which sprang into such popularity, almost within the week, was written by this young Italian. It is said that a lady, daughter of one of our most prominent manufacturers, was the inspiration of it. This may set the faddists to discussing again, 'Has art a message?' "

(During this reading, PAOLO has modestly retired to the hall where he walks slowly back and forth to tranquilize his emotions. At the last word, he stands within the archway, facing audience. GRACE, CHASE and MYRIAM, Right; GLENDON, BESS and CLEM, Left. They applaud him, and cries of "bravo," "bravo," are given.)

PAOLO. Why do you applaud me? I am but the instrument into which flowed the harmony of a complemental life. In Hamlin Square, by the fountain, that harmony thrilled my being until love awoke, heard, and sang in responsive ecstasy to the wide, wide world the song that had birth for but one. That one was Myriam.

(He crosses down to MYRIAM. As he does so, GLENDON speaks to CLEM, and the servant goes back to a small writing desk in a corner of the room for writing materials. BESS and CHASE take positions behind GLENDON'S chair; while GRACE goes to the harp, and, standing beside it, picks out the little love song, softly, with one hand. She plays to fall of curtain.)

Oh, my love, I shall tell you now in phrase that never before has crossed my lips—but from my heart irradiated a wordless rhapsody—I love you. Tell me—tell me this—as I have read it in your beautiful eyes—tell me, "It is not in vain."

(MYRIAM attempts to reply; but a flood of feeling prevents her. She raises her eyes, smiles, lifts her face to PAOLO'S, and their lips meet. After the caress, PAOLO and MYRIAM, with arms around each other, walk back to the table where lies the violin which PAOLO has not seen since the night it was broken. During this action, CLEM brings down pen, paper and ink, and GLENDON writes. In a moment, during which PAOLO and MYRIAM stand with their backs to the audience, looking at the instrument, GLENDON attracts the attention of CHASE.)

GLEN. Love has received its reward, I have said; but it is written, "Unto him that hath shall be given;" so here is a heaping for their measure.

(He hands writing to CHASE, who reads silently, then turns swiftly toward PAOLO and MYRIAM, but seeing their absorption, goes quietly over to GRACE and BESS.)

CHASE. [Reads] "I hereby convey to my dear friend, Paolo Adremollo, and my daughter, Myriam Glendon, my entire property. I further convey and bestow upon them the most gracious benediction of a fond old father, which shall be for them and theirs forever. H. V. GLENDON."

GLEN. Not the usual form for a legal document, perhaps, but you two shall witness it, nevertheless.

CHASE. }
BESS. } Joyously!

GLEN. Sign here.

(CHASE kneels at the arm of the chair and signs; as he rises, PAOLO and MYRIAM turn and face front; MYRIAM has the violin in her hands. BESS signs, slowly, and remains kneeling.)

MYR. The Wooing of a Violin.

[SLOW CURTAIN]

DEC 29 1904

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 020 994 479 0